

Next Week, "Brave Barbara," by the author of "Black Eyes and Blue."

# New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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TERMS IN ADVANCE.

No. 339.

## FLY, LITTLE BIRD!

By F. X. HALIFAX.

Fly, little bird, across the fields,  
Fly, little bird, unto your mate;  
Find all the love a true heart yields,  
Fly, little bird; the hour is late!  
  
Fly, little bird, fly far away!  
Fly, little bird, across the sea!  
Fly, little bird, while yet 'tis day—  
Fly, little bird, for you are free!  
  
But, ever in your furthest flight,  
Across the land, across the sea,  
In brightest day, in darkest night,  
My little birdie, think of me!  
  
For I'll be sad when you are gone;  
My heart will beat for you in pain;  
Sweet be the breeze and bright the sun  
That brings my birds back again.  
  
But now farewell, a long farewell;  
Go, sing in some sweet tropic land;  
Go, build your nest in some sweet dell,  
Amid your faithful feathered band;  
  
For freedom is a precious thing,  
As dear to you as 'tis to me;  
Fly, little bird, on swiftest wing—  
Fly, little bird, for you are free!

## Under the Surface: OR, MURDER WILL OUT.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,  
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"  
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The hours wore on and still the ball was kept up.

It was long after twelve o'clock when Dr. Ashe and Alice Ray left the platform over the parquette, and elbowing their way through the crowd toward the stage, finally reached that mythical, sacred region, known as "behind the scenes."

Slides, swings, curtains, sets, ropes, pulleys, and all the rough paraphernalia of scene-shifting was there. The place was a labyrinth in itself; and its dusky, dreary solitudes were but imperfectly lighted by a stray gas-jet here and there.

But Alice, leaning on the young physician's arm, walked confidently on.

Fred Ashe seemed suddenly serious—thinking, and slightly excited; but he was in nowise nervous.

At length they reached a side exit, and turning to the left, walked on a little way and seated themselves on a bench that chance to be there. A single burner illuminated the quiet, secluded precincts. The cold north wind forced its way into the rear of the building, and blew raw and chilly along the passage-way, rattling the cordage, and shaking the skeleton arras and tapestry into many a mournful creak.

Alice drew her opera-cloak about her shoulders, and crouched confidingly and trustingly closer to her protector. The light from the single jet shone down full upon them, as they sat there all alone in that dreary portion of the large structure. It lit up the face and figure of both.

Alice Ray was a lovely girl—petite in form, yet sufficiently rounded and plump, her bare arms showing to a certain extent beneath the folds of the cloak which she had drawn over her shoulders. Her rich auburn hair rippled in the reflection of the light like wavelets of gold. The girl's face was that of an angel, so pure, so artless, so heavenly fascinating and lovely. The gentle, softly curving mouth, the half-pale, bold rosy lips, slightly parted, showing the glistening, pearly teeth within; the large blue eyes, dove-like and winning in their tender glance; the broad, white forehead with the arching brows—all made a very pretty and pleasing picture to look upon, one to be hung up in the halls of memory, there to be loved and cherished.

Fred Ashe was not, strictly, what might be termed a handsome man. In size he was neither large nor small; but his figure was perfect—well-knit, muscular and erect. His face was dark and swarthy and almost concealed behind a full curling beard of a dark brown color. His hair was of the same hue, and was cut close to his head. But if the young doctor was not handsome, he certainly was not homely; for there was a tenderness about his rather sad face, a quiet, sympathizing look in his large black eyes, that won upon all. Along with this, there was a general independent expression of feature that gave him a very noble appearance.

"Are you cold, Miss Ray?" he asked, with some solicitude, as he saw her tighten her cloak around her.

"No—not too cold, doctor," she replied, cheerfully; "for I prefer almost anything to the stifled air in yonder crowded ball. I am glad we can get pure air, even if cold, here, doctor."

"Then you are not overfond of such scenes, such occasions as this?" asked the physician, quickly.

"No, indeed—one in a long while will do for me," was the quiet, earnest reply. "The truth is, I care but little for company; that is, she hastened to say, "such company as we see here to-night. There is so much thoughtlessness, so much giddiness and triviality, that I



Neither saw a tall, dark figure standing not twenty feet away, enveloped in the heavy shadows of the passage.

soon tire of it. Ah! yes," with a weary sigh, on such times as this, I am inclined to think all men, and women, too, treacherous and insincere."

Fred Ashe pondered ere he answered; but as the words just spoken fell on his ear, a bright flush of pleasure, of downright joy, passed over his sober face.

"You are right, Miss Ray," he said, at length; "and yet you are not altogether right.

This I readily grant, that many men are insincere, yet I cannot admit that *all* are so. Moreover, I have more faith in women—in certain ones."

He looked at her straight in the face; his gaze was ardent and significant.

"Perhaps I have spoken too freely, Miss Ray," said the young man, as his eyes once more sought hers. "I only meant—"

"Too freely, doctor; and with me?" and the maiden bit her red lip vexatiously. "Certainly you can trust me!"

"I do trust you, Miss Ray, else I had not spoken as I did; I only feared that I might have wronged the young lady. But, Miss Ray," and he hesitated, "can I trespass on your time and patience just a minute longer? The place is fitting, the opportunity good, for what I have to say, provided you will listen." and he looked at her earnestly with his large black eyes.

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ment later his firm footfall, crunching in the crusty snow, had died away.

"That was Black Ben, Algy," whispered the man called Tom. "I knew his figure, his walk. What the deuce is the fellow doing here?"

"At the old business—ours, Tom, or worse! I don't like the villain; he would chop my throat or yours for a quarter-dollar." We must keep our eyes on that man; he watches us. Perhaps we'll come out of the game even and square. But Moll—confound the old witch! is getting impudent; she gives us cold comfort!"

"Ay! Bloody Moll knows that your money is out—that luck is against you, that's all, Algy."

"The old hag! But I'll have money; yes, I swear I'll have it. However, kick on that door, Tom; maybe that will stir up the old beldame."

Tom did as directed; he applied his coarse boot vigorously to the stout oaken panel—and again and again. At last shuffling feet were heard inside. Then the well-barred door was cautiously opened; but it was almost immediately fastened with a large chain chain.

"Who are you, and what's your business?" asked a rough, masculine voice in a hoarse growl.

"By Jove! that's cool, Moll!" answered the tall man, shaking theodoro vexatiously. "Certainly you were expecting us. Let us in, my beauty; we are already half frost-bit."

"Ah! 'tis you, captain, and your shadow, the squat-eye! Hal! ha! But come in; I had not forgotten you."

As she spoke she opened the door, at the same time springing on the light of a small bull's-eye night lantern. The rays fell upon the woman's figure. She was a large, coarse-looking creature, dressed in a very slip-shod style. Her head was capless and bare, her thin iron-gray locks flaunting about her head in the wind-blasts that swept rudely in.

The light likewise revealed a huge naked knife thrust into a wide belt of soft chamois skin, strapped around her portly waist.

"None of your compliments, Moll," muttered Tom, after a pause, as he entered the doorway. "You may some day make free an inch or so too much with me. Then you know there'd be a chance of your taking a cold, that's all!"

He spoke gruffly and half menacingly.

"Ha! ha! man; I did but joke," laughed the brawny woman. "But harkie, my child," and she sunk her voice to a whisper as she placed her lips to the fellow's ear, "old Moll knows secrets! But supposing she didn't, why you are a wisp of straw under this muscle! only a cabbage-head under this knife!"

As she growled these words, she bent her Herculean right arm, making the flexed muscles swell grandly under the loose sleeve, while she pointed grimly to the knife in her girdle.

Jem started slightly; but he quickly recovered himself.

"I know you, Moll—you and your power," he muttered. "But I allow that you know me, too; don't forget it. However, we'll not quarrel; let's be friends, old girl."

"Agreed," answered the woman, readily, with a chuckle, as she turned away toward a narrow staircase leading up into the house.

"Go ahead—go first, captain, and you, Jem; you know my rule," she said, decidedly, as she paused and pointed the way.

"Suspicious still, Moll! Certainly you can trust me," said the captain.

"Suspicious! Yes, I am. I wouldn't trust myself—if I had MONEY! Go on, now; 'tis getting a trifle late."

The men hesitated no longer; they approached the stairs at once. As the captain put his foot on the lowest step he suddenly turned, and, locking the woman straight in the face, asked sternly:

"What was Black Ben doing here, Moll?"

The woman was somewhat startled at first; but she soon rallied, and answered, defiantly:

"On his own business; and that's none of yours, captain."

"Nay, nay; that answer 'll not do, Moll," said the other, firmly. "Let me impress it upon you that I am not to be trifled with. What business brought Black Ben here? He is no friend to me, and I trust him only when I can see him, and can cover his heart with a pistol. Tell me the truth, Moll."

The woman was evidently nervous as the tall, black-bearded man towered almost threateningly above her.

"I'll speak the truth; but don't force me, captain," she replied, sternly. "Black Ben came here to bring *prog*. Before Heaven, that's all! You know, there are a few *candlers* *yon the river*."

"Yes; all right, Moll; we'll believe you. Come, Jem; we must have our little talk, and be quick with it, too. You know I have other business—in town—yet."

Without another word the three ascended the stairs. The men paused on the landing above, by a room door.

"Now you can go to bed, and sleep well, Moll," said the captain, significantly. "Here is another dollar, and—good-night; we will lock up when we go."

The woman turned at once, and ascended another staircase leading to the second story. She answered not a word.

The men entered the room, closed the door securely and struck a light. The furniture of that apartment, strange to say, was elegant in the extreme; velvet sofas, rosewood chairs, bookcases containing choice volumes, a rich Turkey carpet that would have done honor to the Girard House, and a center-table of ormolu, on which stood backgammon boards, and chessmen of cunning workmanship, were to be seen there. No painting or engraving, however, adorned the plain, bare walls; and no curtains were hung before the narrow window—only one, and that looking out over the river.

There was one striking peculiarity about the room. Outside of the single window was another; it was made of sheet-iron, and between the outside ordinary and the inside extraordinary window bars of iron, only an inch apart, descended from the heavy sill above. These bars were down now, and both windows closed.

"Old Moll is cautious!" muttered the captain, as he threw aside his heavy overcoat and stretched his sinewy limbs, as if glad of the comfort around him.

This man, who has already been so long before the reader, was a tall, fine-looking fellow, with a dark, tanned face, and a thick, curling, glossy beard. His eyes were large and lustrous; yet they condemned him; for them shone the restless fires of a treacherous and desperate nature.

His companion was a much shorter man, powerfully built, with broad shoulders and long, muscular arms. His face was a riddle; it was difficult to read the tale it told—whether the fellow was courageous or craven, whether he was innocent or crime-stained. That face was broad and sensual, yet it was almost entirely concealed by a rough red beard, growing profusely, even up to his eyes. Those eyes were crossed, or aquint; and they gave the

doubtful, puzzling appearance to his countenance.

"Yes, the old woman is cautious, Algy," he answered, casting his coarse overcoat upon one of the rich sofas; "and she has reason to be. Suppose, as we do, Algy," he continued, in a lower voice, "that everybody knew what this old rat-nest hides—the piles of gold, and—"

"Sh! sh! Jem; none of that. You must not speak of what you don't know," interrupted the other, looking at his companion with a meaning glance.

"Exactly, Algy; we know nothing of Bloody Moll—*perhaps!* But she, good soul, serves our purpose, and we must use her."

"Or, be assured, she'll use us, Jem," returned the captain, earnestly. "I sometimes distrust her; for woman is woman, the world over, and, as woman, is weak."

"True as preaching, Algy! And this old minx holds little secrets of ours."

"Well, well, Jem, we'll keep our eyes open. And who can tell the ending of all this? Yes, who?"

"Neither of us can, Algy; that's certain; though we may live to see it."

The last words were uttered in a low, deep tone.

For a moment there was a pause. But suddenly the captain exclaimed, as if he had been dreaming:

"I forgot something. Here, Jem, go down to the cellar and get a pitcher of ale—also some crackers and cheese; I feel tired and faint. Confound the old woman! She locks up the wine and brandy. And here—leave the score on the tap, Jem."

As he spoke, he tossed the man a few coins. Jem picked them up, and taking a large silver pitcher from a glittering sideboard in a corner of the room, turned toward the door. As his hand rested on the knob, he turned his head quickly and cast a hurried, suspicious glance back at his companion.

But the captain's face was calm and imperious.

Jem opened the door and went out. He was standing now in a darkness that was almost impenetrable. But he did not hurry away. Carefully, adroitly, he moved a small block working in a groove in the door, and peered in. Still, however, the dark-bearded man who sat within by the table, moved not limb or muscle; he seemed to be pondering some weighty subject.

With a satisfied shrug, Jem softly descended the stairs in quest of the ale.

As soon as he had gone from the door, and his heavy footfall echoed on the stairs, the captain smiled grimly. That man had the eyes of a hawk, and the ears of a cat. He had noted the suspicious glance of his partner, had marked that his steps had passed outside of the door; he had heard them distinctly, too, when they had moved away.

His smile was, indeed, very grim.

"Jem is suspicious!" he muttered, while his white teeth glistened behind his swart mustache. "He distrusts me; he knows that I hold him by the throat—that I stand between him and the unavailing of a terrible secret of the past. To offset this, he has scarcely nothing to—Yet, methinks he has enough against me. Ah! Jem Walton, we are friends and allies, and we must serve one another; yet, how long, how long? But at bottom we are foes, and we are pitted against one another. I'll be on my guard with this man."

He drew a small repeating pistol from a side pocket, and raising the hammer to a half-cock, carefully examined the chamber of the weapon. Satisfied with his scrutiny, he thrust the firearm back into its hiding-place, and, arising, strode slowly around the room. He paused as he reached a corner of the apartment furthest from the door, and passed his ear cautiously along the wall. Again he paused—and very suddenly. Reaching his hand above his head, he pressed steadily on a particular portion of the hard, bare wall.

As if by magic, a section of the plastered surface, representing the space of two square feet, suddenly slid upward, leaving a black, yawning cavity. Up through this dark hole, the hoarse wash of rushing water echoed distinc-

tionately. The man, with a slight shudder, drew back, and pressed again upon the wall. The section immediately glided down, and the dark secret—whatever it was—was shut out.

Just then steps sounded faintly on the stairway without, and, a moment later, the door was opened by Jem, who had returned with the ale and refreshments. But now the captain was striding meditatively up and down the room.

"Coarse fare, Jem!" he ejaculated, as laughing low, he glanced at the crackers and cheese. "But we must be content with it—for a time, at least. After all, it gives energy and strength."

"Twill do now, Algy," answered his companion. "But it will be better when luck changes. Then you must not forget me."

"Never fear on that score," replied the captain, half sternly. "But the luck has not changed yet; don't forget that, too. Now to business. Fall to, Jem."

The men drew chairs by the table, and having emptied two large glasses, each of the foaming beverage without breathing, commenced an immediate attack upon the bread and cheese. Then followed a low, hurried, and earnest conversation. At last there came a pause; but it was of short duration; for the captain looked up and said, while a dark frown overspread his face:

"It shall be so! I'll scratch at nothing! Minerva Clayton, haughty, heartless flirt as she is, shall be mine. In my own way, I love the girl—love her for her beauteous person, for the glitter and show she'll make. She pretends to despise me now. Perhaps she does. If so, it is because I have no money. Ah! but she likes my homage and adoration well enough. And money! I'll have it! Jem Walton; I swear it. Ah! Clinton Craig, you are treading on dangerous ground when you stand between me and what belongs to me. I'll hesitate at nothing now, and—Ha!"

He stopped very abruptly, and rising slowly, darted like lightning to the door. A moment and he had flung it open; and with the bound of a tiger he sprang upon some one outside.

"Ah! Bloody Moll!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse, angry whisper. "You are fond of eavesdropping. But you know not the man you are trifling with! Off with you! go to bed at once!" and he stamped his foot furiously.

He spoke authoritatively.

"Begone! or you'll catch a severe cold uncommon quick," growled Jem, who had drawn near.

Without any reply the old woman turned obediently and went up-stairs.

The conference between the two plotters lasted only a few minutes longer. At a late hour they noiselessly left the house, having extinguished the lights, and took their way rapidly back toward the city.

As soon as they had gone, a dusky form emerged from the gloom of the passageway, and followed on behind them. For a brief moment he turned on the light of a dark-lantern to see how to fasten the door. But brief as was that moment, it was sufficient to reveal the hideous face and form of a negro of Herculean proportions.

*To be continued—commenced in No. 338.*

### SILENCE.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

We sat beside the silent stream. And earth and sky and all did seem The furniture of some strange dream.

We watched the sunset flush and fade, The shadows deepen into shade, The twilight grow—yet still we stayed.

We made no sign, we spoke no word; No leaf within the thicket stirred; Only across the stream we heard

The plaintive night-call of the loon. And then beyond, the rounded moon Flings 'cross the stream a long poutoon;

And from the shadows opposite Across the path of silvery light Stealthily march the hosts of night.

Oh, love, at such a time as this Surely not one word need I To fill the measure of our bliss.

So each the other's lips shall seal With burning kisses that reveal But half the fervor we feel.

And with our fingers interwove, In perfect stillness we will prove That hearts can tell their tale of love,

Though lips are dumb; and that alway The story that no words can say The eyes may tell, the touch convey.

### Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER;

OR,  
The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC  
PETE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII. A DEED OF DARING.

"HANDS off!" snarled Long Tom, springing back and drawing a long, slender dagger from his bosom.

"Don't make a fool of yourself now," sharply cried the other, making no motion toward drawing a weapon. "One would think you were running a race with the hangman."

"I have no business with you. There's room enough for us both—you keep to your own trail and I will to mine. You have been watching me close, of late—I have seen it. Just take a friend's advice and hunt up some other business than the Man-Hunters—after which the meeting was adjourned and the doors thrown open. Then Hayes fastened upon the door-post a printed notice, bearing the words:

"\$5,000 REWARD!"

followed by a full description of Joaquin Murieta, and signed by the governor of California. Directly afterward Hayes proceeded to investigate the affray at Long Tom's gambling-house, in which one dealer had been killed outright, and another terribly wounded by Wolverine. Though the evidence was confused, enough was shown to prove that the gamblers, taking advantage of their master's absence, and the drunken condition of the miner, had put up a "brace game" on Wolverine, who had detected the foul play and terribly avenged it.

"Gentlemen," said Hayes, addressing the crowd; "as we haven't got a regular court here yet, our proceedings may be a little informal, but we'll try to keep on the right side, while doing justice to all. Little Cassino has gone where we have no jurisdiction. Yazoo has also got a lesson—still, as we must be square, even in gambling, I move that he be invited to choose some other location, as soon as he is able to travel, with a hint that it will be very unhealthy for him to return before Gabriel blows his horn. As for Wolverine—"

"They run a 'brace game' on me, boss—three thousand dollars' worth—ain't that enough for once?" muttered the prisoner.

"You shall have every cent of it back," interrupted Long Tom. "I don't make my money in that way. Sheriff, as this man was robbed in my house, by men in my employ, during my absence, I request that he be set free without penalty."

"That's no more than I expected you would say, friend. But wait a moment. Now, Wolverine, be honest, would you have went in so heavy if you hadn't been drunk?"

"'Twas the whisky, boss—'twas the whisky," said the miner. "I don't reckon I know what I was doin'—"

"Then the whisky must be punished for kicking up such a row. Shut up—I'm running this outfit—and my sentence is that the prisoner must go and hold his head under the pump while some one plays on the pump-handle until even the smell of whisky is drowned."

This sentence was hailed with cheers, and knowing that any resistance would only increase his punishment, Wolverine submitted with as good grace as might have been expected.

Among the spectators of the ducking was a horseman with gray hair and beard, ragged and dirty, seemingly decrepit and feeble. No one noticed him in the excitement of the moment, but his eyes roved quickly over the crowd, resting longest on the face of Hayes.

When Wolverine was half drowned Hayes bade them let him loose, and then removed his handcuffs. While this was going on the ragged horseman passed on to the saloon, and in a feeble tone called for some liquor. While drinking it he read the notice posted before him without the change of a muscle. Paying for the liquor, he took out a pencil and scribbled a line beneath the signature, then drove a knife deep into the pine through the paper, at the same time uttering, in a loud tone:

"I

Sitting cross-legged upon one of the dining-tables, a sleepy smile upon his yellow face, going through the pantomime of clapping his hands in noiseless delight, the sole spectator of this little tableau—was the Celestial, Chough Lee. And possibly he might be sitting there unto this day enjoying the love-scene, had not his pantomime went so far as to overbalance him, and the noise made by his clattering wooden-soled shoes upon the floor as he rolled from the table, awakened the young couple from their brief dream of love.

"Remember—for my sake, be cautious," murmured Mary, then slipped away from the boy miner's arms and quickly disappeared.

Little Volcano remained watching the doorway through which she had vanished, until a low, oily chuckle aroused him, to find the little Celestial beside him, a benevolent grin upon his flat countenance, otherwise as expressionless as a piece of highly-smoked dough.

"Now, John," said Little Volcano, in a slow, distinct tone at the same time placing a little bag of dust in Chough Lee's hand. "you have been sleeping all this time—and what you dreamed you had better forget. If you talk, I'll cut off your pigtail, and then you'll never see China-heaven."

"Chough Lee savey—lu bet!" gracefully replied the Celestial.

Little Volcano lingered around the hotel for a while, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of Mary, then strode away and up the hills. He wanted to be alone—to recall each word and look of his charmer—to realize the blissful truth that she was his and his alone, by her own confession. And lying beneath the huge redwood, with the fragrant azaleas around him, he dreamed away the rest of the day, little recking of all the plotting and scheming going on in the town below, of which he was the center—and as little suspecting what a crushing blow was even then awaiting him. Though the sky seemed all light and joy, peaceful and happy, a cloud was creeping up, growing larger and spreading wider until it should envelop and swallow him up—and he dreamed on.

Night came, and he hastened down to supper. Mary was there, but only a quick glance could they interchange, in that rough crowd. Dallying with his food, the boy miner waited for the boarders to disperse, but before that occurred, he saw Mary leave the room and Mrs. Champion take her place. Nor did Mary return, though he waited until the last. Down-hearted, he was forced to depart—going, though ignorantly, to his fate. Strolling aimlessly along, he soon found himself beside the spring which served to furnish the Miner's Rest with water. Not feeling in the mood for society, even that of Zimri Coon, Little Volcano stretched himself upon the soft grass beside the murmuring waters.

How long he lay there, he never knew. The sound of voices aroused him. Glancing up he saw, partially in the shadow, partly in the moonlight, two figures—a man and a woman. God! what a bitter pang pierced his heart as he recognized Mary Morton, her hands upon the man's shoulder, his arm wound around her lithe waist! He lay like one in a trance. He strove to arise—to cry out; but in vain. A superior will held him there, helpless as a babe, to be tortured as only they can be who love with all their soul; to see the tall man stoop and press his lips upon the fair, upturned face—to see the caress returned—to catch the indistinct sounds of low, loving words. All this he saw—and then, like a madman, he sprung erect, uttering a hoarse, inarticulate cry, as he darted forward, revolver in hand.

But there was no one to confront him. Like a vision of night the figures faded away, leaving no trace behind—leaving him alone in his mad despair.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

### SUN AND STORM.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

One day my boat set out to sea  
And I was safe, so far, so free,  
The happy freight were two and I,  
Untoft of sorrow, knew no sigh,  
Nor fancied love could ever die—  
So fraught my heart with melody.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh day-dream whence the young soul wakes  
To find all things a mockery!  
The world is wide, so wide, so sweet,  
Yet on his track the wintry sheet—  
The chill that chilleth dead the heart—  
Drives, as it were, a demon's dart,  
And boats no longer o'er the sea  
Float buoyantly!

### The Sword Hunters:

OR,  
THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

A Sequel to "Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,  
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN,"  
"LANCE AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

THE ENVOY.

THE moon shone down on the city of Lamphis about three nights later, and every street was brilliantly illuminated with colored lanterns, while the people crowded the squares, and the sound of music came from all quarters. Lamphis was rejoicing over the marriage of Queen Lalamina to the wonderful white stranger who had come from afar with the terrible fire weapons.

It was in the midst of this rejoicing that our three friends were gathered in the grand banqueting hall of Queen Lalamina, the object of all the festivity.

Captain Bullard, metamorphosed into an Egyptian prince, was seated at Lalamina's side on the great white throne. Manuel sat on the left, while before them was spread the banqueting table, which accommodated five hundred guests at a time, and which was now full of the great lords of Lamphis, met to do honor to their queen's bridal feast.

The feast was nearly over, and a number of beautiful girls were dancing in slow, graceful movements to the music of golden harps, when a young nobleman in glittering armor, the officer of the queen's guard, glided softly through the crowd of slaves beside the throne, and handed the queen a letter.

It was a great square packet of papyrus, and covered with the same sort of characters which one sees now on Egyptian monuments thousands of years old.

Queen Lalamina opened it, glanced over it, and handed it to Tom.

"Read, prince," she said, briefly, but her eye flashed and she looked as angry as only a queen used to absolute power can.

Tom gravely inspected the packet in silence. He turned over the leaves and looked at a long array of pictures of birds, beasts and human figures, of which course he could not understand the full meaning. Still, being, as we

have intimated, a sharp fellow, he made out a good deal of the general intention of the paper. At the head of the missive which excited Queen Lalamina's ire, was a great oval stamp, with the crowned head of a king in the center, surrounded with hieroglyphics. Tom had seen such seals in hundreds at Thebes and Memphis, and knew that they were called *cartouches*, bearing the names of the different kings who ordered certain inscriptions.

This cartouche was undoubtedly to tell who the letter came from. It was followed by some queer characters resembling men bowing, and then came the cartouches of Queen Lalamina herself, a very good profile likeness. Tom interpreted it to be, "King Somebody greets Queen Lalamina," and he was right.

What followed was not quite so clear, and you can see if you can make it out for yourselves as Tom did. He interpreted it to Curtis and Manuel very readily.

"Look here, fellows," said Tom, "somebody wants our scalps. You see that fellow running? That's a messenger who's brought news. You see these three chaps on donkeys. That's we, us and company. See the hats. Mr. Don-hoo has heard about us. What's this next? Oh, Jack, by Jove, if it isn't Lalamina hugging me! So he's heard that, too. Then, see here. That's a club, I guess."

"No," said Manuel, smiling; "that's a scepter, the symbol of command. It means, I order you to do something. What is it he orders?"

Tom burst out laughing.

"Oh, Wiseman, look! He wants to give us rats. See here. There's a fellow carrying our three heads, and there are our bodies being chucked into the river. That's plain enough, I reckon. He wants the queen to throw us into the river and send him our heads. That's what I call cool!"

All this while the beautiful queen sat looking at Tom with a strange expression. Pride, anger and love seemed to be struggling in her mind with some gnawing anxiety and fear, and she looked at Tom, full of wonder at his coolness.

"Well," she said, when he turned round, smiling, "do you understand it, my lord?"

"I think so," said Tom, coolly. "Some king wants you to kill us, and send him our heads. Isn't that it?"

"Yes," she said, shuddering, and passing one arm around his neck as if to shield him from danger; "but he shall not touch my prince while Lalamina lives."

"Who is the old fellow?" asked Tom, carelessly. "He writes such a shocking bad hand I can't make out his name."

Lalamina looked round in a manner half-apprehensive.

"Do you not know? It is from the great Faron himself, the great Sheshouk, who rules all the Maimonides."

"Indeed?" said Tom, coolly. "Well, then, I suppose we shall have to fight, my love. That is, if you think you don't want to give us up."

"No, never!" said the queen, shuddering.

"If Lamphis must fall, I will fall with it; but my prince, my lion lord, shall only fall with me at his side."

"I see no need for any one falling, great queen," said Manuel, quietly. "With us to help you, the Faron may be beaten."

"Alas, you know him not," said the queen, sadly. "He can bring ten armies against our one, and five thousand elephants call him master."

"For all that," said Manuel, "we can beat him. How long will it be before he can attack us, if we fight?"

"In fifty days he would be before our walls."

"It is enough," said Manuel, calmly. "When we crossed the river, great queen, we promised to help you against your foes. Now is the time to redeem our promise. Make me your general; give me power to collect what I need, and to order your workmen, and I pledge you my word that when Sheshouk comes before these walls, it shall only be to his ruin. Will you treat me?"

The queen hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," said Tom, briskly. "I know old Wiseman, and we all do as he says. Only let me lead your cavalry, when the battle comes. We can beat the Faron all to pieces in one day."

Lalamina listened to Tom with sparkling eyes. She was wildly in love with her handsome young husband, and believed all he said, when Manuel's grave promises had no effect.

She rose to her feet, and spoke in a loud tone to the nobles at the board. Instantly all rose in silence.

"Open the doors," cried the beautiful queen, in Arabic, so that her husband could stand her. The friends had found that Arabic was used in Lamphis by the upper classes, much as French is talked in England and America.

"The Faron Sheshouk of Scoparis has sent us word to slay our guests," said Lalamina, in a clear, cutting voice. "Nobles of Lamphis, you know how he has ground us down for years with tribute, and how his insolent tax-gatherers have taken all our wealth to feed his luxury. Now he adds to this the insult of asking me to slay my lord and husband, and to give up our guests to be sacrificed in Scoparis. He little knew who these guests were! Nobles of Lamphis, who of you will support his queen? Shall we bow to the Faron forever? Let us be bold at last, for we have the strangers from afar to help us, and let us throw off the yoke of the Faron forever!"

A shout of applause announced that the nobles of Lamphis supported their queen; and then, in the very midst of the shout, a tall, handsome man, arrayed in magnificent robes, swept into the room at the open door, followed by a glittering train.

It was the Faron's envoy!

The haughty noble glanced carelessly round the room, over which a great hush had fallen at his entrance, and then moved slowly and proudly up the room to the foot of the throne. It was evident that he was used to being obeyed and feared, for he met none but timid, averted glances, as he stared contemptuously from side to side.

Manuel, who was watching the whole scene with great keenness, could see that the Lamphians were used to being bullied, and that all their love for their queen could not hold them up against the moral effect of their ruler's presence in the person of the envoy.

Tom, who stood by Lalamina, could feel her tremble, and drew her arm through his own to support her.

Then the envoy approached the throne, and without any of the ordinary marks of reverence, for the first time looked up.

His eyes met those of the American new-made prince.

By a sudden inspiration it occurred to Tom that if he were to address the envoy he might break the spell that seemed to be gathering over everybody, and encourage them all.

As the thought crossed his mind, he gently placed Lalamina on her seat again, and standing alone before the envoy, met his haughty gaze with one fierce and menacing, as he said in Arabic:

"Whose dog are you to come into the pres-

ence of the king of Lamphis without prostrating yourself? Down on your face, or I will have you whipped with rods, for I am king here!"

The effect of this fierce address was astounding. The cowering Lamphian nobles drew an audible shivering breath, and started half up, staring at the envoy as if they expected to see him within the speaker with a thunderbolt.

The envoy himself started back, divided between exasperation and blank amazement, almost choked with passion.

Then he recovered himself with a tremendous effort, and turned to his suite. Behind him were four gigantic negroes, each a perfect Hercules in muscular development, but totally unarmed, and naked save for a gold fringe round the waist. Our friends afterward learned that they were the Faron's executioners, whom it was death to resist.

The envoy spoke in Arabic, in low tones of intense passion:

"I will show you who I am. Seize the three strangers and this wretched woman who dares to disobey Sheshouk, the Faron."

The four executioners bowed to the earth before the envoy. Then each turned to a waiting slave behind, and took from him a pair of shackles, with which they were about to advance.

"Now, fellows," cried Tom, in English, drawing both his pistols, "this is your time to cow these niggers!"

In a moment Manuel and Jack Curtis had risen, a pistol in each hand.

"Drop those shackles and leave the room," said Tom sternly to the executioners, as they advanced.

He was answered by a hoarse laugh of scorn, as the huge fellows, not even hurrying their pace, came toward him. Evidently they were not used to being resisted, and had never seen a pistol before.

"One at a time," said Tom, coolly.

Then he leveled at the broad breast of the leader and shot him through the heart.

The sound of the shot caused a shriek of surprise from every one in the hall, save the followers of the Americans, who were gathered near the throne. Then on a sudden Abou Hassan rushed forward, crying in Arabic:

"Leave the dogs to me, white brothers."

In a moment the Arab's sword flashed through the air and another executioner fell, cut in half at the waist. The other two, as if struck by lightning, uttered a howl of dismay, and fell prostrate before the throne.

But it would be hard to picture the face of the envoy as he saw the instant destruction which had overtaken the dreaded executioners of the Faron.

He glared round at his suite, where there were some twenty armed men, then at the amazed Lamphian nobles, then at the bold strangers who had defied him to his face. There they stood, the dark, fierce Hamraus, the grinning Baboola, Saki, the stolid Egyptian servants and Mahomed the dragoman, all looking ready to meet him without fear, and waiting for the word. The hand was full of armed Lamphian soldiers on guard, and it was evident he had no chance in a struggle.

By a great effort he controlled his rage and spoke to Queen Lalamina in the language of the Maimonides.

Before he had said three words Tom interrupted him in Arabic.

"Silence, dog. Will you dare address a king's wife in the king's presence? I am king of Lamphis. Speak to me."

At this Lalamina, who had been sitting shuddering beside him, spoke in a low tone of great relief:

"Yes, Rah Hotep, it is true. He is king now. I have given the kingdom to him."

Rah Hotep turned on the new prince proudly.

"It is well," he said, in Arabic. "I will speak to you, rebel and traitor. You have defied the Faron and insulted his envoy. Before fifty days have rolled away not one stone of Lamphis shall be left unturned, and you shall be impaled."

He was turning away, when Tom stepped down and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Tell your master," said Tom, fiercely, "that he is a dog and son of a dog. I am no subject of his, but a prince, come to take away his kingdom from him. Go!"

The last words seemed to pierce the mask of pride which had sustained Rah Hotep so long, for his countenance fell.

There was a prophecy, as our friends afterward learned, that a stranger should overthrow the Faron and rule the Maimonides, some day.

Rah Hotep regained his composure in a moment.

"Dogs bark," he said, sententiously. "Lions tear. In fifty days the lions will tear you."

Then he signed to his suite and strode away, leaving the two dead executioners lying at the foot of the throne.

No sooner was he out of the room than Lalamina threw herself at her husband's feet, embracing his knees.

"You are my lion king, and I adore you," she said.

And all the nobles gave a great shout of joy, and crowded round to kiss the hands and feet of the white strangers who came to promise them freedom.

### CHAPTER XXII.

PREPARATIONS.

A FEW weeks later Lamphis was in a flutter of excitement. Outside the walls a little army was mustering, and the Lion King, as our Tom was called now, was to lead it against the army of the Faron, which was coming from Scoparis, with the forces of fifteen cities, to overwhelm Lamphis.

Manuel had been hard at work during that time, assisted by Jack Curtis; for Tom had appointed him prime minister, and obeyed his counsel in everything. The lessons of superior civilization had borne great fruit among the already highly civilized Maimonides. Manuel found them to be skillful metal workers in brass, copper and iron; and at once set them to work to manufacture some cannon.

He knew that such fine work as muskets was beyond their reach in the time they had, but copper and brass castings



## HEART FROM HEART.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Give me your hand and let us part,  
For parting is a pain at best.  
Oh, 'tis anguish to know the heart  
Must pine for aye and know no rest.

The pathos of your voice is sweet,  
But on my ear falls like a knell.  
My sadness, too, is now complete;  
For you have said your last farewell.

Your eyes now brimming o'er with tears,  
Show me that you forebore the pain  
That sorrow gives in coming years,  
Through which we would not live again.

Here are your letters, I have mine;  
You sent them to me yesterday.  
The pang they gave can never by time  
Be healed, or wiped for aye away.

But to part with yours is taking  
That, which is more than life to me,  
They gave joy, but now are breaking  
My bleeding heart with agony.

Oh, how fondly in my day-dreams  
I read their perfumed pages o'er,  
With cheeks aglow and eyes whose beams  
The love-light of their contents wore.

Each flower is there they once contained,  
Pansies, forget-me-nots—the rose  
You sent me last, my tears have rained  
On, I forgot not to inclose.

Take them, though I waver, falter,  
For they are of your love a part.  
On my life, how it will alter,  
For fate has torn us heart from heart!

## The Men of '76.

## WILLIAM, LORD STIRLING,

The American Patriot Earl.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, though American born, was the rightful inheritor of the Earldom of Stirling, in Scotland. Heirs to the earldom failing in Great Britain, he assumed the title, though he never authenticated his claims to the property, in legal form.

His father, James Alexander, having participated in the ill fortunes of "the Pretender," had to abandon the kingdom to escape arrest for high treason; so he took refuge in the colony of New York, in the year 1716. In a short period, by his family influence, he became Secretary of the Province, and being a man of fine attainments, soon obtained eminence in the colony, in whose political, social and intellectual progress he took the deepest interest. He was the correspondent with many of the men of science and learning in Great Britain; and was, with Franklin and others, founder of the American Philosophical Society. He married a widow, whose remarkable business talent had made her prominent in the commerce of New York and added largely to her wealth, so that William—born in New York in 1726—had every advantage of education the colony could bestow—the father himself being his tutor in the exact sciences. Early in life William became assistant to his mother; then her partner; and having obtained a contract to supply the army of General Shirley, operating against the savages on the Canadian border, he joined the commissariat of that army, but was soon added to Shirley's own staff, as aide-de-camp and private secretary. In this capacity he served for three campaigns, and thus learned much of military life, for which he betrayed great aptitude. When Shirley was recalled, charged with bad administration of affairs, his secretary went with him to London, and by his excellent exposition of accounts, correspondence and transactions, in his examination before the bar of the House of Commons (April, 1757), he relieved the general and won for himself a large circle of influential friends.

He then essayed to establish his claim to the earldom of Stirling, and did so in fact but had not done so fully in law and form, when he was recalled to America by the death of his mother, whose great property he inherited. Having, some years before, married the eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, by her he obtained a very large landed estate, so that he was, both by wealth, position, and education, one of the most influential men in the province.

Having succeeded his admirable father as surveyor-general of New Jersey, he pursued his profession and studies with zeal—attempting a large map of North America, making astronomical observations and tables, working to secure government aid and endowments to Kings (now Columbia) College, and, like his father, doing much to encourage the pursuits of science. His father having acquired and willed to him an extensive landed estate in East Jersey, he built a fine residence at Baskin Ridge, and it became his residence, where he, as one of the great proprietors of the colony, dispensed an almost princely hospitality.

Lord Stirling, from the incipiency of differences between crown and colonies, sustained the colonial cause, and when the offensive Stamp Act was proclaimed, immediately set the example, as proprietor, of dispensing with the stamped paper on contracts and conveyances without prejudice to validity and title. It was a defiance of the act, prompt and decisive.

Then he worked for its repeal, and, using all his now great influence in Great Britain, did very much to secure its abolition.

His position of course made him a marked man, and when the crisis came the people of his county looked to him for counsel. He responded to the news from Lexington by immediately opening an office for recruits to a regiment, of which he was elected colonel; but Congress having named him to command one of the two regiments ordered in New Jersey for the Continental army, his transfer from the militia to the general service was accepted by most of his officers and recruits, and, after a hasty trip to Philadelphia, reported his regiment ready for the field, fully equipped. Taking position at Elizabeth, he gave ample protection to vessels driven thither by British cruisers.

In January the regiment was ordered to New York city; but, before going, performed an exploit that well indicated the spirit of the men. A British transport, well laden with stores and munitions for the British army in Boston, was reported as at Sandy Hook waiting for convoy. Stirling immediately proceeded to Perth Amboy, seized a pilot-boat, filled her with his men; three other small vessels were also pressed into service; he put to sea just as night fell, and found the transport twenty miles out, and before her single-shot gun could be brought to bear on the boarders, she was their prize. They brought her safely into Amboy, while the British ship of war Asia, and her tender, lay in full view at anchor just within the Narrows. For this act Congress passed one of its first votes of thanks, and, March 4th, he was commissioned brigadier-general the commission being accompanied with a highly complimentary letter from the President of Congress.

Proceeding to New York, where Lee was in command, he was senior officer when Lee was sent to the South, and thus for a season held

chief command in New York city. The danger of a British occupancy of the city was felt by all, and Stirling acted with commendable resolution. Additional troops were called for from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, proper points in and around New York were fortified—soldiers and citizens working zealously together—and every means taken to secure the city from surprise or seizure. Washington wrote him from Cambridge: "The fate of this campaign, and of course the fate of America, depends on you and the army under your command, should the enemy attempt your quarter."

Lord Stirling, relieved for a short time of command in the city by his senior, Brig. Gen'l Thompson, proceeded to erect batteries at various surrounding and defensive points on the Jersey side, but soon returned to New York, again to take chief command—Thompson being ordered to the Canadian expedition.

How the American army, having driven the British from Boston, hastened to New York, we have recorded [see sketches of Washington, Putnam, and Greene]. Lord Stirling, in the assignment of commands for defending New York, took the American right of the entrenched works on Long Island, where it was supposed Sir William Howe would make his most vigorous assault.

General Grant—afterward so noted in the war—heled the British left, with five thousand and disciplined troops—two brigades, one regiment of Highlanders, and two companies of New York "Provincials" (renegades) and tories, with which Long Island literally swarmed, and from whom the enemy received all necessary information. Stirling's force was only about two thousand—Maryland, Delaware and Connecticut regiments, with Atlee's rifle corps and Kichline's Pennsylvania musketeers as advance guard.

Grant's movement really was a feint to cover Howe's designs upon the east end of the American line, where Sullivan commanded. [See sketch of Sullivan.] This feint struck Atlee, early on the morning of Aug. 27th, and drove him into the Governor's road, when Stirling formed his line of battle, stretching from Governor's Bay to the Flushing road—his center being on what is now known as Battle Hill, in Greenwood Cemetery. Of this center, composed of Maryland and Delaware men, he took command in person, planting on the hill two field-pieces, whose well-served fire, backed by Kichline's riflemen, soon arrested Grant's apparent advance. For six hours very sharp line firing followed, and the feint was so fiercely pressed that Putnam, in general field command, believed that Howe's design was to force the line at that point. This view of matters was confirmed by Grant's reception of two additional regiments, at ten o'clock, from the fleet; whereupon Stirling ordered forward all his reserves, to defend Battle Hill to the last extremity, before retiring behind Gowanus creek.

With the arrival of his reinforcements came the signal from Howe, far to the east (about eleven o'clock, A. M.)—two guns fired in rapid succession. It meant, "Grant, advance!" De Heister, with his Hessians, already had engaged Sullivan. Grant immediately dashed forward. Atlee's men, out on the skirmish line, were all (two hundred and thirty-five) killed or made prisoners. Then the Connecticut regiment, holding the Gowanus road, was literally overwhelmed. At the same time, the Hessians, having carried the Flushing road, came streaming on Stirling's left and rear, and pushed on to seize the old Cortelyou house, which commanded the Gowanus creek bridge.

The situation was indeed critical. His entire command was lost if he could not temporarily hold the enemy where they were.

Acting quickly, he chose one-half of his regiment of young Marylanders—many of them mere boys—and ordering all else of his force to retreat over the adjacent swamp to and over the creek, he marched with his three hundred, literally into the jaws of death—down upon the enemy, at the Cortelyou house, to engage Cornwallis there while the flying men were making their way over the creek. It was a dread alternative, but, headed by Stirling, the Marylanders walked "into the breach" to save the others. Five charges were made from a protecting hill in a bend of the road, upon Cornwallis' position. Once the very cannoneers were shot or sabered at their guns by the desperate Americans. Down the little band went under the awful fire from the house and the Hessians on the hillsides, until only a mere handful were left; then they could charge no more.

They had laid down their lives to save their comrades; this accomplished, the remnant dashed away for the creek. Stirling, mounting his horse, rode back along the hills until he came up with De Heister, to whom he delivered his sword. He would not surrender to an Englishman. Of the three hundred, two hundred and fifty-six never again answered the roll-call.

Stirling was treated with great respect and immediately conveyed to a vessel-of-war, where he met Sullivan and others—prisoners.

He was soon exchanged. Congress, for his splendid action on the 27th, having promoted him to the Major-General's grade, he rejoined Washington's army in its sad retreat from New York, across New Jersey, was a participant, as well as in the operations in New Jersey in the winter (1776-7) after the gallant strokes at Trenton. His field services as advance guard, to the last, were brilliant, and, it became his residence, where he, as one of the great proprietors of the colony, dispensed an almost princely hospitality.

Lord Stirling, from the incipiency of differences between crown and colonies, sustained the colonial cause, and when the offensive Stamp Act was proclaimed, immediately set the example, as proprietor, of dispensing with the stamped paper on contracts and conveyances without prejudice to validity and title. It was a defiance of the act, prompt and decisive.

Then he worked for its repeal, and, using all his now great influence in Great Britain, did very much to secure its abolition.

His position of course made him a marked man, and when the crisis came the people of his county looked to him for counsel. He responded to the news from Lexington by immediately opening an office for recruits to a regiment, of which he was elected colonel; but Congress having named him to command one of the two regiments ordered in New Jersey for the Continental army, his transfer from the militia to the general service was accepted by most of his officers and recruits, and, after a hasty trip to Philadelphia, reported his regiment ready for the field, fully equipped. Taking position at Elizabeth, he gave ample protection to vessels driven thither by British cruisers.

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in the disposition that followed (1778) he was given the post of watchfulness at Elizabeth. Several daring exploits by his troops—the dash into Paulus Hook and the raid on Staten Island—attested his ready enterprise, and kept his enemy from marauding in New Jersey. In 1779 he removed with his division to Pompton, ready, on instant notice, to move north, to West Point, or upon the country below, if the enemy in New York city should move in either direction. In 1780 Stirling's command was not called upon for severe service, as the seat of war had moved to the South. He visited his ruined estate at Baskin Ridge only to find that in serving his country he had lost almost everything an enemy could destroy. In 1781 he was given command in the north, to confront St. Leger's invasion from Canada. St. Leger never got below Lake George. Then Stirling returned to take command in New Jersey, with headquarters at Philadelphia (1780-81). Again (1782) he went north to repel invasions from Canada, and, though no hostilities ensued, it was an arduous season of watchfulness and work. Exposure brought on an attack of gout, from which he died, at Albany, January 15th, 1783.

News of Lord Stirling's death was everywhere received with deep regret. Washington's announcement of the event, to Congress, was in most appropriate terms, and the resolutions passed by Congress well expressed the high estimate which that august body placed upon his patriotism, services and sacrifices.

Washington's letter of condolence to the widow was a touching utterance—reflecting high honor or on the living chief and the soldier who died,

"an honorable example of a man, counted nothing of value in comparison with the sacred maintenance of his principles, and sinking every selfish consideration in the one strong and controlling feeling of an ardent patriotism."

Your father will find it impossible to hide you in a mad-house in a country so well-regulated as this. I will put your friends on the track—only give me their names—" he took out his tablets and waited for her to speak.

"My adopted father is Mr. Vernon of Lyngurg, New Hampshire; but he is now somewhere with my mother, who has a divorce from my father and goes by her own family name of D'Eglantine—the two are searching for me, I have no doubt."

"Nor I!" exclaimed Mr. Rhodes, cheerfully, "they came over with me, in the Germania, landing three days ago. They are looking for you. I sent a telegram to Baden this evening to Madame D'Eglantine, saying that I believed you to be the daughter of whom she was in search, and to come on as quickly as possible. Still, she may not be in Baden; the message may not reach her. Yet it will comfort you to know that it cannot be many days before she overtakes you; and you have my assurance that you shall be immured in no asylum, or other dark place, without my knowledge. If I cannot prevent your father doing as he pleases I can put detectives on his movements, so that his steps will be all known to your mother. So, now, my dear girl, be of good cheer; defy the hideous old baron; let your father persecute you as he may for it; he will be watched and not allowed to do you serious harm."

All this time the proprietress stood, glaring uneasily at the couple, unable to understand their language, but certain that something startling was transpiring, and afraid for the reputation of her old tumble-down house. Mr. Rhodes comprehended her trepidation. He realized, too, that this was no place for the young lady to remain over night, should it be that her father failed to look for her.

"Madame," said he to the woman, in French, "have you no quiet, respectable female friend with whom this young lady can take refuge for the night, without being compromised? I will answer for it that you are well paid for your trouble; and your friend, also. Money is no object. Mademoiselle desires to escape a suitor whom her father favors; you saw him—the ugly old baron?"

"Yes," said the proprietress, with a laugh, "a wonder maidservant flies from such a lover—ah, bah!" shrugging her shoulders. "I can provide her with lodgings where she will be secure—but monsieur must know it is not my business to get myself into trouble!" with another shrug.

"Tell her my mother will make her rich for life," murmured Violet, hastily, "if she will only promise—Oh, what is that?" and she began to scream and to run to the further end of the room.

Up the dim staircase, with a great flaring of lights, came the father, the ancient lover and two *gens d'armes*—enough, in all conscience, to secure one poor, trembling girl. The flame of the candles they bore flashed out over the weapons of the tall police-soldiers—over the suave, malicious smile on the parent's face, and the anxious little grin and frown on that of the old milord, whose wicked soul was stirred by the fear of losing a young, beautiful wife whose estates stretched far and broad under the sunny skies of France.

"This is the abductor of my daughter—arrest him," commanded Ethan Goldsbrough in his broken German, pointing to Mr. Rhodes; and the *gens d'armes* immediately laid a strong clasp on both of Redmond's arms.

In vain the prisoner expostulated and explained; the fellows had their orders from the chief, and dare not disobey them. A stranger, like Redmond, was at a terrible disadvantage with an enemy like Sir Israel, who had lived years in the country, who was known everywhere as a rich milord, and was familiar with all the processes of the law. He had managed the affair, and stood by, grinning like the ancient Lucifer he was, while Mr. Rhodes strove to convince the men that they were all wrong—would be punished—that the consul of the port should know, say, the United States minister. These soldiers were but machines who did the bidding of others; they shook their heads gravely, said nothing, pulled and pushed their prisoner along; while the proprietress, all her sympathies reversed by the sight of the *gens d'armes*, wrung her hands, volubly urging her lodger to go peaceably, and not ruin a poor widow by quarreling in her house with the soldiers.

And so our fastidious Redmond Rhodes, who avoided everything sensational as he would avoid the small-pox, passed the remainder of the night in a dreary room of the city-prison.

He was angry and mortified.

"This pays me for meddling in other people's affairs!"

But his feeling of humiliation for himself was nothing compared with the anxiety, the painful wretchedness he felt in being hindered from doing anything for Miss D'Eglantine.

Every moment of the night he saw the look of terror in her eyes when he was dragged away.

He counted the hours, the minutes, until his miserable breakfast was brought to him. He had an appeal ready—scrawled on an old letter—to the United States consul, asking him to come *immediately* and interfere in his behalf; and this he gave to the attendant who brought his meal, accompanied by a gold piece which made the fellow's eyes glisten, and an order to have the message sent without delay.

He expected a visit from the consul within an hour—or two, at the furthest—for the references he had given as to his position at home were such as that personage would not be apt to slight; but the whole morning crawled on at a snail's pace; noon came, with its dinner of bread and cabbage soup; but no consul. The jailer swore that the letter had been delivered; that the consul had promised to come *immediately*; that he had no idea why he had not kept his promise. The truth was that bribery had been at work outside, and the energetic appeal of the prisoner still reposed in the jailer's pocket.

"When shall I have my call to appear before the court, then?"

"Some time to-day; it cannot be long now."

The whole day passed, darkness fell, and the prisoner had not been summoned before the civil authorities. Cool and well-governed as was the temper of Mr. Rhodes, he was in a fever of anger and despair by bedtime—anger for himself, despair for the lovely girl whom he had failed to help. How powerless she must be to resist the will of those two men, since he had so easily been trapped! His tortured imagination pictured her in two scenes, constantly—in one, she was the doomed bride of the grimacing baron—in the other, a corpse, slain by her own hand to escape that doom. The thought of Madame D'Eglantine added to his uneasiness.

And so the second sleepless night wore itself slowly away.

About ten o'clock of the second day his prison door opened, the *gens d'armes* waited to conduct him before the magistrate, where, as the complainants did not appear, there was no case against him, and he was soon dismissed. Mr. Rhodes knew his accusers would fail to appear; doubtless they were many miles from there before this—and their unhappy victim with them; as soon as he was free, he hurried to the consul's office to demand, indignantly, the reason for his letter having been neglected. He had just learned that it had never been received, when a lady walked into the office, and throwing her veil from her face, revealed the delicate, high-bred features of Madame D'Eglantine.

When she saw Mr. Rhodes she uttered a half-suppressed cry, rushed to him and wrung his hand.

"Where is Violet—where is my child?" she eagerly demanded.

"Alas! I would that I could inform you, Madame D'Eglantine! I am horribly afraid those villains have succeeded in making you and your daughter miserable for life. You must hear this lady's story, and give us what aid you can," continued Redmond, turning to the consul, who very willingly listened to what they had to say, promising all the assistance in his power; but very dubious as to his power to afford any under the circumstances.

While the three were anxiously consulting together, a messenger came into the room, inquired for Monsieur Rhodes, and handed him a sealed envelope.

Redmond hastily tore it open; a slip of paper fell out. He picked it up, and read, written in a cramped, trembling hand, which he took to be that of the baronet:

"Monsieur Rhodes wishes to ease his mind let him consult the register in the church of St. Joseph's."

"It'll be as good as an eddication to go 'long with you fellows, when you've got such a man at your head"—for the party had secured, as guide and leader, one of the hero-hunters of the plains. "I'll pay fur my own fodder, an' help cook yours besides;" and so far, Floss—that was the lad's name—had kept his part of the bargain; he was always ready to hold a horse for Mr. Harold, black his boots, wash his dishes, make his bed, pack his traps, although he asked no pay for such services.

The hired guides and servants found that he surpassed them all in making coffee or broiling a buffalo steak. Everybody liked him, despite a certain reserve and sadness not apt to be appreciated by the rough hunters who accompanied the amateurs.

With that dagger-gleam still darting from his bright eyes, Floss touched a silver spur to the tough side of his shaggy mustang; and the horse bounded forward, the boy touching his slouched hat respectfully as he passed the gentlemen, and pressing on until he had overtaken the leader, who was riding two or three hundred yards in advance.

"Hullo, my little chap!" said the hunter, looking kindly at the boy as he rode up.

"Want anything?"

"Yes," said the boy, his large eyes glowing like fire under his hat-brim; "I want to know, Bill, if there's going to be any real danger during this excursion?"

"Why?"

"'Coz if there is, I want to be in the thick of it."

"Oh, you do! What fur, I wonder?"

"Cos I'm tired of life, Bill. I jined in hopes that suthin' would take me off," and here the fire was quenched in sudden tears which rolled over onto the swarthy cheeks.

"Sho! just you h'ist that, my boy—twon't do," and the brave hunter, who had killed his forty men, to say nothing of red-skins! reached out a slender, supple hand, not much larger than a lady's, and laid it gently on Floss's shoulder. "But, as to the danger you ask about—hum! that moughtn't be so fur away. The tracks o' them pesky red-skins is about as thick, this morning, as the houses o' them prairie-dogs. They're over there, somewhar, waitin' fer us," and he pointed toward a range of low hills, lying against the horizon, and shrouded in a purple haze, so that one who did not know could not tell whether they were ten or fifty miles away. "I reckon I ought to tell my friends, an' give 'em their choice 'twixt losing the bison altogether or having a bout with them red devils."

"Indeed, they should be told at once," said Floss, decidedly.

And then he fell to thinking. It would not be a pleasant death to be scalped or tortured by Indians—the bare idea made his very soul shrink with terror—yet he wanted to die. Ay! he even fancied that he wanted some others of that gay company to die, too—say the two gallant gentlemen who had avowed the sentiment that when they were "off" with a love-affair, the more completely they were off the better! At times he thought he could himself murder that Mr. Harold, who carried himself so finely and so jovially, from day to day. Then again, his heart turned traitor to his purpose. Floss rode on, with drooping head, thinking very fast and hard indeed, for a few minutes. Whether or not he wished to die, or desired the death of others, the truth was not, at present, in his own hands.

The guide had stopped his horse, waiting until the whole company of fifteen gentlemen, three other guides and helpers, and the boy, made a group about him. He then disclosed the fact that Indians were lurking in the vicinity, and asked the question whether the hunt was to be abandoned or whether they were to proceed.

The retreat could doubtless be safely made, for nearly the whole day was before them, and an attack would hardly be made on the open plain in broad daylight. The blood of the descendants of the heroes of ancient chivalry was up, and they positively refused to ride back without a shot either at the game they came to seek or the foe who hindered their pursuit of it. The cheek of many an English beauty would have paled, that day, could she have heard, from afar, the discussion held on that sea-like plain and the resolution which ended it.

It was decided to advance; for if there were tracks of Indians, there were tracks of bison, too. The Indians might be only peaceable hunters like themselves; though their leader scouted this theory. By a craft learned only by long experience he made himself certain that the party was at least double their own number—that they were warring red-skins—and their object murder and pillage.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

#### REDUCTIO AND ABSURDUM.

I had come from the city early this morning. That Saturday afternoon:

I sat with Beatrix under the trees

In the mossy shade, the golden bees

Buzzed over ever-top, pink and pearl;

At peace and inclined to spoon.

We were strolling a while with mother,

At the quiet country place,

Where we'd met, one blossomy May,

And fallen in love—so the day went

Brought to my memory many another

In the happy time when I won her grace.

Days in the bright spring weather

When the twisted, rough old tree

Showed down apple-blossom daily and sweet,

Then in her lap, and bidden daily at her feet,

Sweet was her face as we lingered together,

And daintily the kisses my love gave me.

"Dear love, are you recalling

The old days, fooy?" I said.

Her sweet eyes filled, and with tender grace

She turned and rested her blushing face

Against my shoulder; a sunbeam falling

Through the leaves above us, crowned her head.

And so I held her, trusting

That none was by to see;

A sad mistake for love of me!

This feminine comment reached my ear:

"Married for ages? it's just disgusting—

Such actions—and, Fred, they've got our tree!"

#### LA MASQUE,

#### The Vailed Sorceress; OR, THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"

"ERMINIE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

At this new disclosure, Sir Norman stood perfectly petrified, and La Masque, looking down at the dreiful place at her feet, went rapidly on:

"Alas and alas! that it should be so; but it is the direful truth. We bear the same name, we had the same father; and yet I have been the curse and bane of their lives."

"And Leoline knows this?"  
She never knew until this night, or any one else alive; and no one should know it now, were not my ghastly life ending. I prayed her to forgive me for the wrong I have done her; and she may, for she is gentle and good—but when, when shall I be able to forgive myself?

The sharp pain in her voice jarred on Sir Norman's ear and heart; and, to get rid of its echo, he hurriedly asked:

"You say you bear the same name. May I ask what that name is?"

"It is one, Sir Norman Kingsley, before which your own ancient title pales. We are Montmorencis and in our veins runs the proud blood in France."

"Then Leoline is French, and of noble birth?" said Sir Norman, with a thrill of pleasure. "I loved her for herself alone, and would have wedded her had she been the child of a beggar; but I rejoice to hear this, nevertheless."

"Her father was the Marquis de Montmorenci, but Leoline's mother and mine were not the same—had they been, the lives of all four might have been very different; but it is too late to lament that now. My mother had no gentle blood in her veins, as Leoline's had, for she was but a fisherman's daughter, torn from her home, and married by force."

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# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

7

"Ay, boys!" added old Dakota Dan; "it will be victory or death!"

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

A NIGHT OF NIGHTS.

SILENT as shadows born of the night our friends took their positions to await the coming of the raft with its load of bloodthirsty demons, feeling that the night that now surrounded them would doubtless, to some of them number, be extended into the darkness of eternity. They felt that they could not go through another as terrible conflict as that of the previous night without some loss of life.

With the silence of death itself, each man waited and listened for the coming of the raft—a huge log-pon—behind whose heavy walls crouched two-score of enemies. The surge of the waves breaking upon the shore told of its near approach, and at length to the fixed eyes peering into the gloom, a huge black mass shaped itself as it crept through the water like some terrible, low-browed monster.

Dakota Dan's dog suddenly broke the silence by a warning bark.

The waves rolling on in advance of the raft now broke upon the island with an angry surge.

The firing of the burning arrows now ceased as if at a signal to that effect.

Kit Bandy suddenly arose, and thrusting his head out at an opening in the wall behind which they waited, demanded:

"Who comes there?"

But he received no answer save the roll and rebound of the waves.

He fired his revolver at the advancing raft; still there was no response.

Could it be that no one was aboard the raft?

This question arose in the mind of more than one, but before there was time for a second thought, it was answered. And such an answer!

A fierce yell that seemed the pent-up wrath and fury of a hundred demons, burst upon the air as the raft came to a stand against the island; but it was promptly answered with a shout of defiance from our friends.

Then over the walls of the raft swarmed the screaming demons; into the water they leaped and plunged ashore. A stream of fire from a score of rifles behind the ruined walls met their advance, and the yells and groans of dying men were added to the tumult of battle that now rent the night. Still the outlaws, nothing daunted by this first and unexpected reception, pressed on—swarmed over the walls—through the breaches that time had made, into the very midst of the defenders. And then, in the darkness, ensued a struggle that no pen can describe. It was a hand-to-hand encounter, and in the gloom one could not distinguish friend from foe. At least such was the case at the beginning of the battle, but soon as all had come together, the robbers and outlaw savages dexterously brought into view upon their breasts a small blazing ball of fire—the robbers' might signal. But they had not counted upon it serving a double purpose—of being of greater benefit to their enemies than themselves. It told our friends where to strike, for well they knew what it meant.

Pistols, clubbed rifles, tomahawks and knives crashed and tore their way through air and flesh. Steel met steel in deadly clash; foes grappled and fell; cries of agony were mingled with yells of defiance. Crunching blows of heavy weapons, the hissing jar of pistol-shots, and the dull thump of falling bodies—all conspired to make the hour one of awful horror.

To and fro the tide of battle swayed across the island—now the minions of Prairie Paul seemed to hold the promise of victory, now the rangers. Above all could be heard the voices of Kit Bandy and Dakota Dan.

Idaho Tom and his rangers used their favorite weapons—their revolvers—and wherever a ball of fire was seen upon a breast, a bullet was sent with almost certain death toward it.

Prairie Paul soon saw where he had made a terrible blunder in arranging targets upon his men's breasts; but he saw it too late. His Indians became panic-stricken at their loss, and plunging into the river, fled. The surviving outlaws had no alternative but to follow, and all essayed to escape; but one, and one alone, failed. Prairie Paul stumbled over a dead body and fell. Before he could regain his feet a blow on the head laid him insensible.

Idaho Tom, bleeding at more than one wound, now ran to the cabin to inform his wife of their victory. He found the poor young thing cowering with terror in one corner with her babe clasped to her breast.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, "I—"

"We have defeated them, darling—danger is past."

"Then my prayers have been answered, Tom," she said.

"Both safe, are they?" asked Kit Bandy, looking in at the door as he passed by.

Being answered in the affirmative he went on.

The half-breed, Qadocq, and his wife were gone. During the conflict they had stolen away, while Christie with closed eyes knelt in prayer.

The groans of the wounded and dying now filled the air, and made the night still more hideous and horrifying.

With torches the victors searched among the dead and dying for their comrades whose faces and voices were not among those who answered at roll-call.

Near where the battle began they found one of the young rangers, silent in death. A little further on lay Kit Bandy's companion, Ichabod Flea, breathing his last. Snowball, the negro, was found with a cloven skull, his fingers clutched upon the throat of a dead savage. In the search far others, Prairie Paul was found still insensible from the blow that had felled him to the earth. He was taken to the cabin and made a prisoner. Another of the young rangers, seriously wounded, was found and carried into a building where his wounds were dressed and everything possible done to alleviate his suffering. Major Loomis and Kit Bandy acted as surgeons, the latter displaying no little skill in his knowledge of surgery.

While they were thus engaged, a grim, gaunt animal appeared in the doorway and gave forth a mournful howl. It was covered with blood, and a gaping wound was in its side; but, despite these, Bandy recognized it. It was the dog, Humility.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed; "it's the dog of Dakota Dan. Boys, have any of you seen him since the fight?"

A moment later four men appeared, carrying a form that appeared limp and lifeless. They laid it upon the ground by the fire.

"Great horn of Joshua!" cried Kit Bandy, in a tone of grief, "it is the form of Dan. Is he dead?"

He knelt down and felt his pulse.

"He lives," said the old detective; "his pulse is strong—bring some water, quick!"

Kit found a deep gash on the old borderman's head from which the blood was flowing profusely. A careful examination convinced him that the skull had not been fractured, though the blow had been of stunning force. He washed the blood from the face and hair, and dressed

the wound the best he could. In a few moments Dan showed evidence of returning consciousness, to the joy of those around him.

While Kit, the major, Herbert, Dorne and Christie and Tom attended on the wounded, the others removed all the enemy—the wounded and dead Indians and outlaws—from the island, and placing them aboard the raft that had brought them to their fate, sent them adrift down the river. The object in this was one of humanity and mercy; it was that the enemy might care for their own dead and wounded.

Scarcely a man had escaped without some slight injury, but only those named were slain.

It was more than an hour before Dakota Dan recovered consciousness, and when he did, he gazed around him in bewilderment and started up with a wild cry, calling his dog.

"Hullo, friend Dan," said Kit; "you've been taking quite a nap; but keep quiet, for you've a sore head where a devil hit you."

"Then we gained the victory, did we?" Dan questioned, speaking with some difficulty.

"We did for a fact—routed them horse and foot, but then—"

"But what did the victory cost?" the old fellow asked.

"I am sorry to say, Dan, it cost us some noble lives—four, I believe."

"Ah, me!" sighed Dan, "it was a terrible fight; but who wouldn't 'a' fit for that baby—but, where's Humility, boys? Have you seen him since the fight?"

"Dan," said Idaho Tom, who came in in time to hear the question, "I am very sorry to say to your dumb companion is dead."

"What! Humility dead?" the old man cried, starting up, a wild look on his face; then, overcome with emotion, he sank back upon his couch, and as a mist gathered in his eyes, murmured: "it's just as well, for meby he'd be abused. Poor ole dog, he's seen a deal of ups and downs during his time. So have I, boys, and as my days of usefulness are numbered, it's just as well to go now."

"Why, Dan, you don't think you are going to die, from a little dig on the head, do you?" asked Major Loomis.

"Die?—why, we're all going to die, major."

"Yes, at some future time; but don't give up, Dan, for you're good for years yet."

This assurance seemed to afford him relief, with a smile tilted over his face, and closing his eyes he relapsed into silence. Presently he started up, saying:

"And so poor Humility's dead. That breaks the Triangle, boys, and the rest might as well go too. We've been awful busy doin' our lives. I began life a wee little toddler, like Tom's baby there, and many's the trials and troubles I've had. Old Patience, my mare, has been on the go ever since she could tote me; and Humility, my dog, has done duty from the time he became the hydrofob part of the Triangle. We've seen a deal of life all the way from the Missouri river to the Pacific waters, and the blood of old Dan Rackback has stained the soil of every territory in the West. We've—that's the old Triangle—been a tornado to the enemies of civilization, and now I think our mission on earth has been filled and that my time has come to join those that have been waiting those long years over the river. I know I have been a rough old codger, but then I acted in the sphere in which God placed me, and feel in my heart that I will be admitted to the presence of the great Fathers."

"Dan, don't give up, for we cannot spare you yet," said Idaho Tom. "I think you will feel better after a night's rest; so compose yourself and take a good sound sleep."

"I'll do it, Tom, though you must wake me at daybreak," replied the old man. "And, look here, Tom: have the boys look after poor old Humility's body—tell 'em just to lay him away kind o' decently, and receive my thanks."

"I'll see that he is properly buried, Dan," said Tom.

The old ranger laid back upon his couch, closed his eyes and fell asleep in a few minutes.

The rest of the night was spent in the sad and solemn duty of burying the dead. Near the center of the island graves were dug with spades improvised from the boards of the roof of the cabin; and when the morning sun arose, it shone upon four mounds of fresh earth, over which many a scalding tear had been shed by brave-hearted comrades.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

SIOUX HONOR.

It was scarcely daylight when the attention of our friends was called toward the west shore of the river where over a hundred mounted Indians had suddenly issued from the woods and drawn rein. At sight of them every heart quivered with terror, for against this superior force of the enemy all knew it would be useless to battle. An inevitable death stared them in the face, and yet the Indians manifested signs of peaceful intention toward them; but they had been deceived so often by savage treachery that they put no faith in their pretended friendly advances.

At the head of the band Kit Bandy recognized the great chief Spotted Tail; and he knew at once that something decisive would soon occur, for if the chief had taken the warpath against them he knew they would have the whole tribe to contend with as long as they remained upon forbidden ground.

Kit Bandy was well aware that the Indians with whom they had been fighting were outcasts, just as Prairie Paul's band were outlaw whites, and while they were amenable to the tribe and the tribe to the government for violation of their treaty, there was but little ground upon which to appeal to the great chief for mercy. It is true the conditions of the treaty did not give the Indians the right to kill and punish those of the white race found intruding upon their territory; this was the duty of the government; and when it suddenly occurred to Kit that he was a government officer and there by special permission, and that, too, in behalf of the Indians, he thought he might possibly effect some compromise with the chief to enable his friends to get out of their dangerous situation.

He was about to open a conversation across the water with the chief when, to the surprise of all, they saw a woman gallop down the river and draw rein by the chief's side. It was Are, the princess. She waved her hand toward the island; Idaho Tom stepped out in plain view of all and demanded:

"Is it with friendly intention that the great chief comes here?"

Are answered that it was, and requested that a canoe be brought over to take the chief and herself to the island.

This one of the party hastily complied with, and in a few minutes Are and the chief landed upon the island. Idaho Tom escorted the maiden to the cabin where she was welcomed by Christie, while Kit Bandy advanced to meet the chief, saying:

"Great chief, it pleases me to meet you here in this hour of trouble."

"Then the pale-face knows that I am responsible for the trouble you have had?"

"Know it? in course I know it, chief, yet

the Great Father at Washington will hold you responsible for all that your tribe does in violation of articles of the treaty."

"But, while my unruly warriors have been doing wrong by going away from their lands, you pale-faces are doing wrong by going from yours."

"But we came here in pursuit of your warriors that had carried our friends away from their homes far beyond the limits of your reservation."

"The pale-face girl came to me with the news of your troubles here," said the chief, "and she begged and implored me to save you. I promised her would."

"God bless her little soul," exclaimed Kit.

"I come to drive away the robbers and bad Indians that you might return home and tell your people how Spotted Tail holds sacred his promise to the Great Father at Washington. The Sioux that have troubled you are all bad warriors and consort with bad white men. Over a hundred bad Indians have deserted my tribe and hid away in the mountains with the bad whites who have deserted their people. The hills are the refuge for wicked men—the home of red and white outlaws. These have been troubling my white friends, yet I must be responsible for all that is done by the red-men, good and bad, off the reservation; but who will be responsible for what the white outlaws do upon the reservation?"

"The pale-face speaks strong; his words please the ear of Spotted Tail, and his face gives them strength and truth," answered the chief.

"Spotted Tail is a great and good chief—the friend of the white man," replied Kit, not to be outdone in bestowing compliments; "he has come from afar off with his brave warriors to deliver us from our enemies. Shall I tell the Great Father?"

"No," responded the chief, "let the bad deeds of the Indians go to balance the bad deeds of the white outlaws, and so let the kindness of the tribe go in search of kindness from the white men."

There was considerable sarcasm in the last words but Kit affected not to hear it. There was also considerable policy in the chief's desire to keep the whole matter from the government. He was afraid of being brought into conflict with it, should the raids of his outlaw warriors upon the citizens beyond the limits of the reservation become known. In fact, Kit saw that the chief was really anxious for a compromise, and lost no time to effect these terms of agreement: The whites were to leave the island and reservation as soon as their wounded were able to be moved under an escort of friendly warriors; they were to kill no game in the hills aside from the actual wants of their party, and they were to make no complaint to the government of the Indian raids. Aside from his agreement to furnish a suitable escort for the party, the chief also promised to make no complaint against the whites.

The matter thus settled, all the horses were at once sent over to the main land to pasture, while Herbert Dorne went down after the animals his party had left there.

The Indians acted very friendly, and after tarrying a few hours on the island the chief took the main body of his warriors and left, leaving about thirty under a young war-chief to protect the little band of whites and escort them from the hills to the plains of Dakota, where they were able to move.

CHAPTER L.

A LONG FAREWELL.

As Dakota Dan had requested, Idaho Tom woke him before the sun arose. He seemed much refreshed in mind and body by his night's rest, and his face wore a calm, serene expression that none had ever seen there before. His voice, too, seemed clearer and his eyes brighter. He sat up on his couch and requested Tom to remove a piece of chinking from the wall facing eastward that he might see the sun rise. Tom did so, and a few moments later the sun looked over the eastern hills, and streaming in at the opening lit up the thin, emaciated face of the old borderman.

"Oh, how many times have I seen that sun rise, and alers when I watched its comin' what an eventful day to me war sure to foller," the old man said, a perceptible tremor now shaking his voice.

"You surely don't anticipate any great event occurring to-day, do you, Dan?" asked Tom.

"I don't?" said the ranger, fixing his eye upon Tom; "do you call death a great event?"

"Yes—the final event in man's earthly career; but Dan—"

"Then to-day will see the final event in ole Dan Rackback's yearly career," said the old man. "Boy—Thomas, I can't last much longer."

Overcome with emotion, Tom turned and walked out of the cabin to where Major Loomis and Kit Bandy were engaged in conversation.

"Major," he said, "what do you think about Dan's case?"

"I think he can last but little longer, Tom. He's been struck with death these two hours.

That brightness of the eye, hollowness of the voice and whiteness about the lips and nostrils are certain evidence of death. Yes, yes; Dan will have to go. He followed his last trail in search of you, Tom."

Tom turned and going back into the cabin sat down by Dan's side.

"Dan," he said, in a choking voice, "is it possible that you are going to leave us?"

"Yes, Thomas; my days of usefulness are over. The good Lord has seen fit to call me from the trail of the wicked here onto the broader trail of everlasting life. I'm willin' to go, Tom, for I am gettin' old and soon will be past self-support; then I would be in the way of the busy world. I've had a presentiment of death several days, Tom; and when I first looked upon your baby boy my thoughts grew serious at the contrast of life between us. It was feeble in youth—I in age. Everything war before, waitin' for it—all war left behind and forever gone from me, save an inheritance in heaven. You may think strange to hear ole Dakota Dan speakin' of heaven; but then I feel certain that God has given me hopes of future life. Night afore last, when in the woods alone, I prayed and prayed for hours—yes, old Dakota Dan prayed for forgiveness. My words warn't the most elegant, but the Lord could see into my heart, and know what I meant. My old mother larned me to pray; years and years ago, but arter she died and climbed that golden stair I went out into the busy world, was catched up by the rushing tide of excitement, and forgot my early trainin'. But, I never forgot my mother, Tom—never; and now I'm goin' to see her. It's a long way to heaven, yet in a few hours I'll be there."

"Then the pale-face knows that I am responsible for the trouble you have had?"

"Know it? in course I know it, chief, yet

## A SHOE BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

An old shoe lying on the ground!  
There have been trophies greater,  
And none that fancies weave around  
A woman's cast-off garter!  
With sentiment that worn-out shoe  
A rhymers' soul encumbers,  
Who gazes at a number 2—  
Most musical of numbers!

A wayside waif that would not win  
A passing observation,  
Yet stirs a poor heart within  
With strange infatuation!  
Was it some maiden butterfly  
With winsome look and feather  
Who sprung from out, and then cast by,  
This chrysanthemus of leather?

Did that shoe tread in fashion's halls,  
Or trip the dance's measure,  
Light following to the minister's calls  
With a heart full of pressure?  
And was she beautiful and fair—  
A dear and winning creature—  
Who entered church with welcome there?  
Or was this sole a screacher?

How full this shoe of wondrous thought,  
Though holes are in it plenty!  
The foot that wore this master out  
Was on a kick side of twenty!  
A shade above a foot to fit  
Indeed was one of beauty,  
I dream she was, who trod in it,  
The soul of faith and duty.

Did that shoe move along the ways  
To light heart-beating tripping?  
Or did it ever spoil her grace  
On orange peels slipping?  
Or had it not rankle in  
All the time of Gawkins,  
And did it shine to win his praise  
In glory of striped stockings?

"Ho, exiles from a foreign shore!  
Pause if thou wilt and answer,  
The owner of this number two,  
Oh, was she number one, sir?"  
"Ye, boss, did your's my mother's shoe;  
De little brat's don't last it;  
De very mornin'; bleedin' to you,  
Boss, for to come across it."

## Yankee Boys in Ceylon:

OR,

## THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

I.—THE FLYAWAY AT SEA.—THE CINGALESE PILOTS.

The scene opens on the spicy shores of the Indian seas, and a beautiful topsail schooner, under easy sail, is seen running through the bright sea at racing speed, winged out to catch every breath of air which came from the west. A schooner perfect in every line, a model of beauty, grace, and speed. She was yacht built, after the American model; which is to say, she had great breadth of beam, and was calculated to carry a great spread of canvas. Her prow was as sharp as a knife blade, and cut through the water with a hissing sound. Her canvas, as we have said, was remarkably heavy for so small a craft, but she stood up under it bravely, and showed every quality of a good sea boat. She was painted black, with a red stripe, and white ports. Without intending to fight, she carried two small brass six-pounders forward, kept bright and clean by the crew, who petted the guns, and talked of what they would do if they met a Malay pirate in the narrow seas beyond Indo-China, where they meant to go after they had proved themselves hunters amid the jungles of Ceylon, for which island they were headed.

The crew were neatly dressed—blue pants, wide at the bottom, in true sailor style; close-fitting "Guernesys," or Jerseys, so called, and jackets of the same color, slashed with white. Upon the breast of the shirt a large capital "F" was worked in white. They wore Scotch caps with the word "Flyaway" worked upon the band. The crew were ten in number, and evidently able seamen chosen for their skill in navigation. But with them, at present, we have little to do, but turn to the officers, who are all on deck.

They are four in number and wear uniforms very much like those of the American navy, bearing respectively the insignia of captain, first lieutenant, second lieutenant, and sailing-master. The captain is a young man not over twenty-two, with a handsome, sunburned face, large gray eyes, and curling brown hair. His figure is stalwart, and he is evidently a hard customer to meet in a close grapple. This is Richard Wade, owner and commander of the schooner Flyaway, New York, bound on a cruise of adventure in the eastern seas.

The "first" and "second" are his brothers; you can see that at a glance. The same bright, expressive eyes, curling brown hair and strong build, although "Ned" is only nineteen and "Will" a year younger.

The sailing-master is a man about forty-five years of age, and every inch a sailor. His closely-cut hair is getting gray, and his face, by long exposure to the sun and wind, has become tanned to the color of mahogany. His hands, from long use in the rigging and at the wheel and oar, are curved inward, and it is almost impossible for him to open them entirely. In person he is short, but his shoulders are those of a Hercules, and no man, after being once in the grip of sturdy Captain Dave Sawyer, ever "hankered" after another hug.

"Keep her north-east by east, you at the wheel!" growled Captain Dave. "Captain Wade, if you don't have a sooner before long, then I don't know anything of the Indian seas."

"The Flyaway can stand it, Dave," replied Richard Wade.

"I reckon she can," was the reply. "There ain't boat of her inches if I do say it, that is a patch alongside of this yacht. It did my old heart good to see her walk away from that steamer when we came out of Cape Town. Give me the right wind, and all the pots and kitties in creation can't beat the Flyaway."

"The wind is going down," remarked Ned, looking up at the sails, which no longer filled. "Are we going to have a calm?"

"Maybe so and maybe not," answered the sailing-master, casting a quick glance over the lee rail. "All you Flyaways—jump! Stand by to take in sail!"

"Take in sail!" cried Ned, in astonishment. "We'd better to send up the kites and balloons instead."

"Captain Wade," demanded the sailing-master, "what shall I do, since this young man chooses to interfere?"

"Do as you think right, Dave. At the same time, I don't think Ned meant to interfere with you."

"Not at all; but it looks as if we were going to have a calm, instead of a storm," Ned explained.

"You won't have long to wait before you are satisfied on that point," returned Dave Sawyer. "Down with the mainsail and secure

\* The yacht rig is peculiar and has been made a study in order to render available every inch which will bear a sail. Many of the names given to these small sails are only applied to this peculiar class of vessels.

all! Be lively, my lads; jump, if you strain blood vessels."

The men sprung to the work with a will, and in less than ten minutes, under their quick and skillful hands, the mainsail was down and secured, the fore-sail close-reefed, and the Flyaway moved slowly through the water, under close-reefed fore-sail and storm jib.

"I guess she will stand that," muttered the sailing-master. "Now, Ned, my boy"—turning to the first lieutenant—"maybe I spoke a little sharp just now, but I know these seas better than you. We are going to have a buster."

"There is a boat," cried Will. They were miles from land, and yet, close upon them, a small light boat was leaping over the waves toward them. She was built something like an Indian canoe, sharp at both ends, and had carried a small triangular sail. But that was down now, and the two men in the boat were using their paddles, sending their light craft flying through the water at every stroke. They had seen the Flyaway and were heading for her.

"Hail them!" suggested Richard. "A pilot will be a good thing for us, if there is danger."

"No need to hail them," replied the sailing-master. "They are coming as fast as they can."

The boat was now so near that they could see the brown and nearly naked bodies of the Cingalese as they worked at the paddles. A moment more, and the boat lay close to the side of the schooner, and a straight, supple form bounded upon deck, and placing his hands upon his forehead, made a low obeisance.

"Let the sailors listen to the words of their slaves!" he spoke in the sweet persuasive voice which seems to be an attribute of the Hindoo race: "A dark cloud hangs over them which will envelop and destroy them. Darkness will surround them; the breath of the tempest will suck them in."

"Oh, give us a rest," replied Dave Sawyer, who understood the language of the Cingalese. "Does all that, bein' interpreted, mean that we are going to have a wind?"

"The Sahib Captain has heard the words of his devoted slave, and he has seen the dark cloud in the sky."

"Modo, you rascal!" cried Dave, suddenly. "How came you here?"

This was addressed to the second native who was just climbing over the rail. The moment he saw Dave Sawyer he joined his hands over his head, and plunged head foremost into the sea.

"Call him back, the blasted thief," roared Sawyer. "Does the cur think that a native-born American sailor holds a grudge forever? Tell him to come back; I won't hurt him."

The man who was on deck shouted to his friend as his head appeared above the waves, in a tongue unknown to the young men. At first he seemed averse to returning, and appeared rather inclined to trust to his powers as a swimmer to get into the hands of Dave Sawyer. But, after a while, he swam back slowly, climbed into his boat, and again appeared on deck, his dark hair dripping with salt water.

"Now, ain't you a nice bird, Modo?" sneered Sawyer. "Don't you think I ought to run you up on the main sheet and leave you dangling there?"

The man, a wily specimen of the native Cingalese, prostrated himself upon the deck at the feet of Sawyer.

"Modo is at the feet of the Captain Sahib," he whined. "He is as the dust of the earth before him, for him to tread upon. Your slave has been in darkness, overpowered by the snare of the insidious. He was blown about as chaff before the wind, and did not know which way to turn, when, in an evil hour, the tempter came and led him away from so good and noble a master."

"Oh, you skunk! Who tempted you to steal my best gun, and run away with my ship's dingy?"

"The evil spirit had power over the heart of Modo in that unhappy hour."

"Well, get up, you thief of the world. I won't say any more about it, though I promised to tan your hide the first time we met."

The man arose with a peculiar look upon his face. Of all wily vagabonds, none can equal those strange people, and they consider it a part of their duty to spoil the Egyptians in every possible way. But they had to deal with a man who understood them, and would be on his guard against them, and they know it.

"The skunks won't try to fool with me, captain," declared the sailing master. "They know old Dave Sawyer, and that I will take the skin off their backs if they try any games upon me. Here, Modo, you brown thief, are we going to have a gale?"

"A terrible one, sahib."

"From what direction?"

Modo lifted his hand and pointed to the northeast.

"Just as I thought, and I am afraid we can't clear the coast. Now see here: when the wind comes I am going to run before it, and depend upon you to take me safe through the reefs.

In person he is short, but his shoulders are those of a Hercules, and no man, after being once in the grip of sturdy Captain Dave Sawyer, ever "hankered" after another hug.

"Keep her north-east by east, you at the wheel!" growled Captain Dave. "Captain Wade, if you don't have a sooner before long, then I don't know anything of the Indian seas."

"The Flyaway can stand it, Dave," replied Richard Wade.

"I reckon she can," was the reply. "There ain't boat of her inches if I do say it, that is a patch alongside of this yacht. It did my old heart good to see her walk away from that steamer when we came out of Cape Town. Give me the right wind, and all the pots and kitties in creation can't beat the Flyaway."

"The wind is going down," remarked Ned, looking up at the sails, which no longer filled. "Are we going to have a calm?"

"Maybe so and maybe not," answered the sailing-master, casting a quick glance over the lee rail. "All you Flyaways—jump! Stand by to take in sail!"

"Take in sail!" cried Ned, in astonishment. "We'd better to send up the kites and balloons instead."

"Captain Wade," demanded the sailing-master, "what shall I do, since this young man chooses to interfere?"

"Do as you think right, Dave. At the same time, I don't think Ned meant to interfere with you."

"Not at all; but it looks as if we were going to have a calm, instead of a storm," Ned explained.

"You won't have long to wait before you are satisfied on that point," returned Dave Sawyer. "Down with the mainsail and secure

all! Be lively, my lads; jump, if you strain blood vessels."

The men sprung to the work with a will, and in less than ten minutes, under their quick and skillful hands, the mainsail was down and secured, the fore-sail close-reefed, and the Flyaway moved slowly through the water, under close-reefed fore-sail and storm jib.

"I guess she will stand that," muttered the sailing-master. "Now, Ned, my boy"—turning to the first lieutenant—"maybe I spoke a little sharp just now, but I know these seas better than you. We are going to have a buster."

"There is a boat," cried Will. They were miles from land, and yet, close upon them, a small light boat was leaping over the waves toward them. She was built something like an Indian canoe, sharp at both ends, and had carried a small triangular sail. But that was down now, and the two men in the boat were using their paddles, sending their light craft flying through the water at every stroke. They had seen the Flyaway and were heading for her.

"Hail them!" suggested Richard. "A pilot will be a good thing for us, if there is danger."

"No need to hail them," replied the sailing-master. "They are coming as fast as they can."

The boat was now so near that they could see the brown and nearly naked bodies of the Cingalese as they worked at the paddles. A moment more, and the boat lay close to the side of the schooner, and a straight, supple form bounded upon deck, and placing his hands upon his forehead, made a low obeisance.

"Let the sailors listen to the words of their slaves!" he spoke in the sweet persuasive voice which seems to be an attribute of the Hindoo race: "A dark cloud hangs over them which will envelop and destroy them. Darkness will surround them; the breath of the tempest will suck them in."

"Oh, give us a rest," replied Dave Sawyer, who understood the language of the Cingalese. "Does all that, bein' interpreted, mean that we are going to have a wind?"

"The Sahib Captain has heard the words of his devoted slave, and he has seen the dark cloud in the sky."

"Modo is at the feet of the Captain Sahib," he whined. "He is as the dust of the earth before him, for him to tread upon. Your slave has been in darkness, overpowered by the snare of the insidious. He was blown about as chaff before the wind, and did not know which way to turn, when, in an evil hour, the tempter came and led him away from so good and noble a master."

"Oh, you skunk! Who tempted you to steal my best gun, and run away with my ship's dingy?"

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"All right. I am going to trust you, but I tell you now that if you play any games on me, get the schooner ashore or anything of that sort, I am going to knock you on the head before we go down. I am a man of my word; remember that."

The pain caught her heart as if a relentless iron hand were grasping it; and then Jessie straightened her slight, girlish figure with a will and a haughtiness that showed how brave she was.

"I think I will be suited with you, Miss Hunt—if you are sure the position will not be too much of a demand upon your strength. There are but two in the family when my son is home, which has not been for several months, and no one but myself and the hired help during his frequent absence. I would expect you to assist in the pleasant part of the house-keeping—lighten my own care a little—but just what a daughter would be—go with me on social visits, and help entertain my guests. I am sure I shall love you, if you will allow me."

Mrs. Garland's pleasant voice broke the thread of reverie.

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